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The Myrtle

A Collection of

NEW ENGLISH SONGS

for the

Violin, German Flute or

HARPSICORD

Compoſed by

Mr. Robert Hudson

K

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An Invitation to the Spring.

pia. Viol do.

1st Violin unison with ye Voice

Give Ear O ye Shepherds the Spring's in full prime, let's raise gentle Sonnets to the Goddess of

for. *p^o*

Rhime, let s raise gentle Sonnet to the Goddess of Rhime. Whose Residence

pia.

Chiefly's in yon Calm re_ treat, where the Blooming young Wood-Nymphs their Love Tales re_

for.

peat, where the Blooming young Wood-Nymphs their Love Tales repeat.

2

Behold yon fair Palace where Cupid remains,
Who faſhions ſtrnng Fetters to bind raptur'd Swains,
His Bows & his Arrows his Quivers & Darts;
He prepares wittleſs Virgins to vanquiſh your Hearts.
He prepares &c.

3

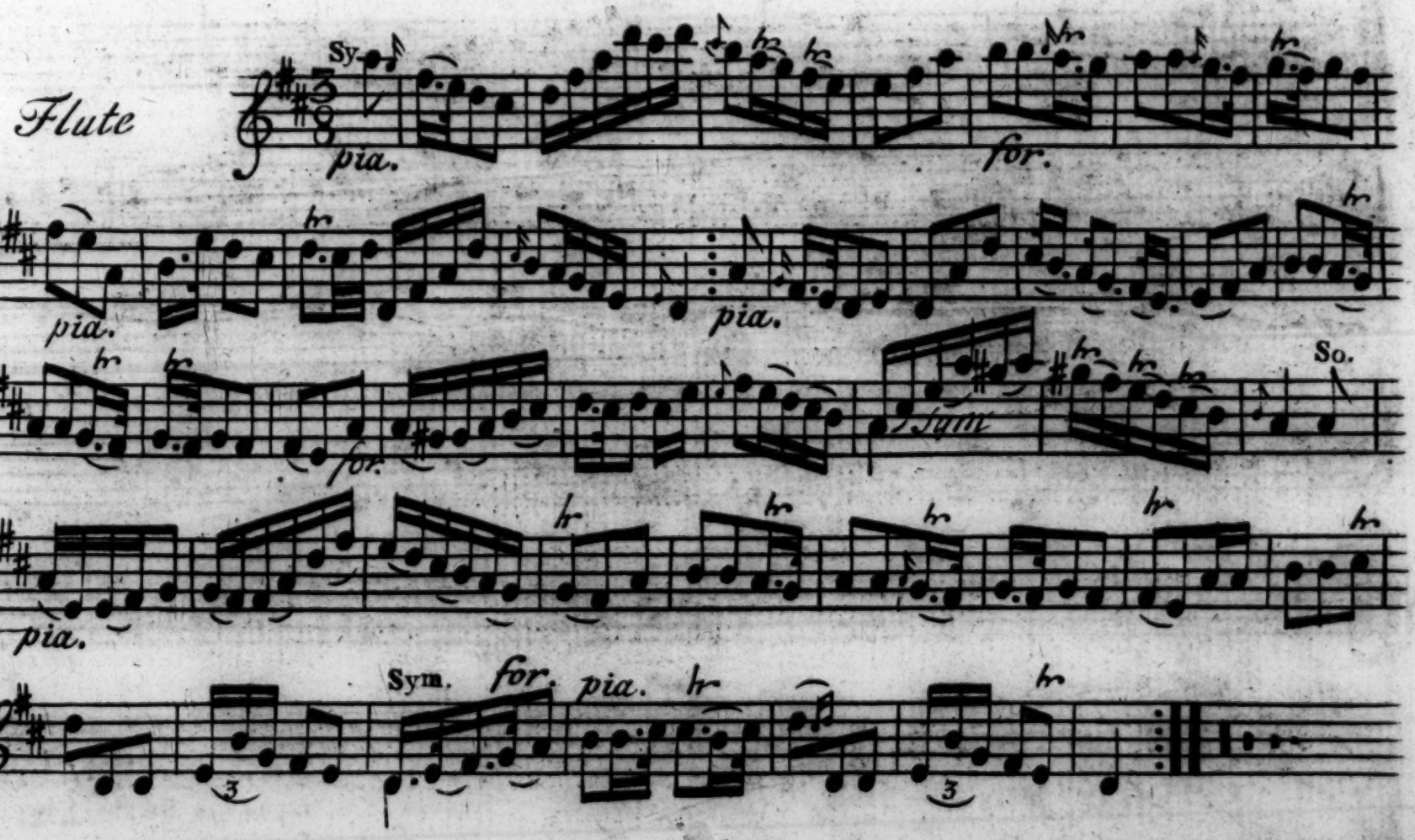
But I'll not regard him when att the next Wake,
While in the large City ſome Paſtime I take;
I'll ſteal my fond Boſom againſt Love's Alarms,
For WILLIAM was only ordain'd for my Charms.
For WILLIAM &c.

4

Shou'd I meet the brave Heroe on Windſor gay Plaines,
Whom Pope ſpeaks ſo well of, in paſtoral Strains,
To Ditties ſublimer my Voice will I raiſe
In Straines as are ſuited to great WILLIAM'S Praiſe.
In Strains &c.

5

God ſend us a long & a Proſperous Reign,
That France may ne'er harm us united to Spain,
May the Sun Shine for ever & Flow'rs lively Spring,
On WILLIAM & EDWARD on GEORGE & our KING.
On WILLIAM &c



The distreſsed Shepherd.

Violini unis.

Andante *pia.*

My Hours O ye Shepherds paſt ſweetly a — way when

pia.

Jeſsy went with me thro' out the whole Day, ſhe was ſo good Humour'd ſo Chearfull and kind, No Taſto

for. *p.o*

Cares or vexations E'er Ruffl'd my Mind; But ſince ſhe has

for. *pia.*

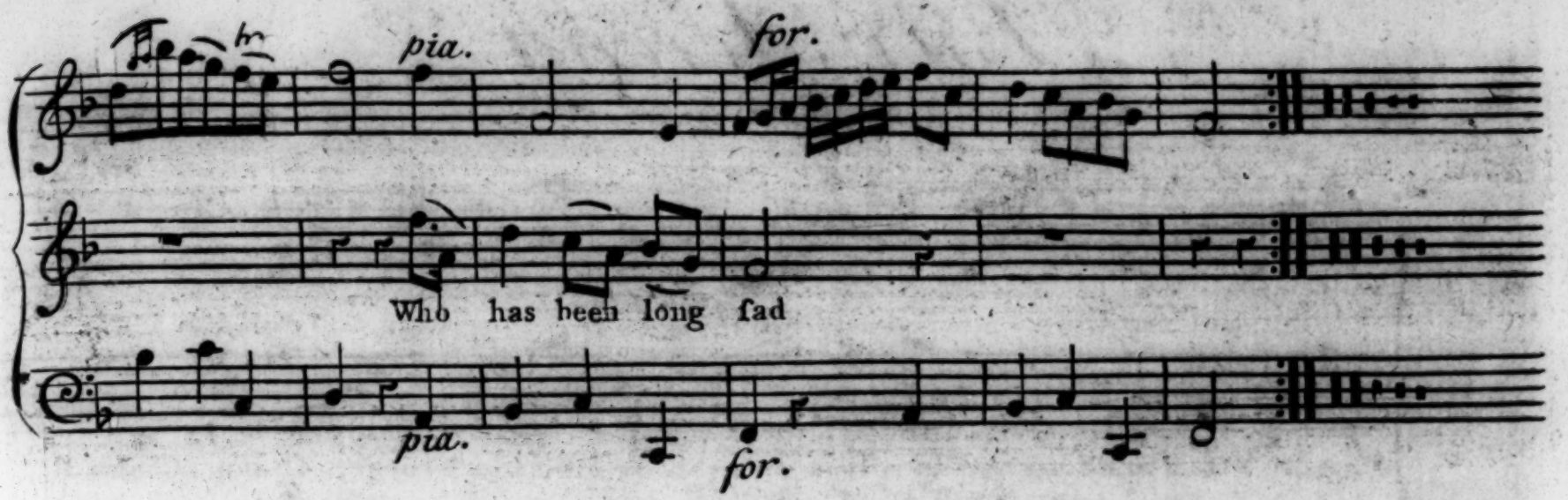
for.

left me. my joys are all o'er, Nor can I now reſt in contentment no more.

pia. Uniſon

for.

Un — leſs the Dear wand'rer re — turns to the Shade, To make A Swain happy



2

Thoſe Willows & Hazels which once look'd ſo Green,
Will never no more be ſo beautifull ſeen;
Nor will the young Kidlings be half ſo much Bleſs't,
As they were, when of their ſweet Jeſsy poſſeſs't
The Fields looſe their ſweetneſs, & all the gay Flow'rs
Are wither'd & faded around in the Bow'rs
The plains look quite ſtupid as never was known,
Becauſe ſhe prefers to the Shades, the gay Town.

3

No more I'll be Shepherd but inſtantly Rove,
In ſcarch of the fair one I value & Love,
The World's but a Deſcrt at beſt unto me,
When I am bereft my dear Jeſsy of thee
My Scrip & my Sheep Hook I won at the Wake,
Laſt Monday thro' Madneſs in ſhivers I break
I hang'd my Dog Tray too, & fled from the Rocks,
And left to the mercy of Wolves my rich Flocks.

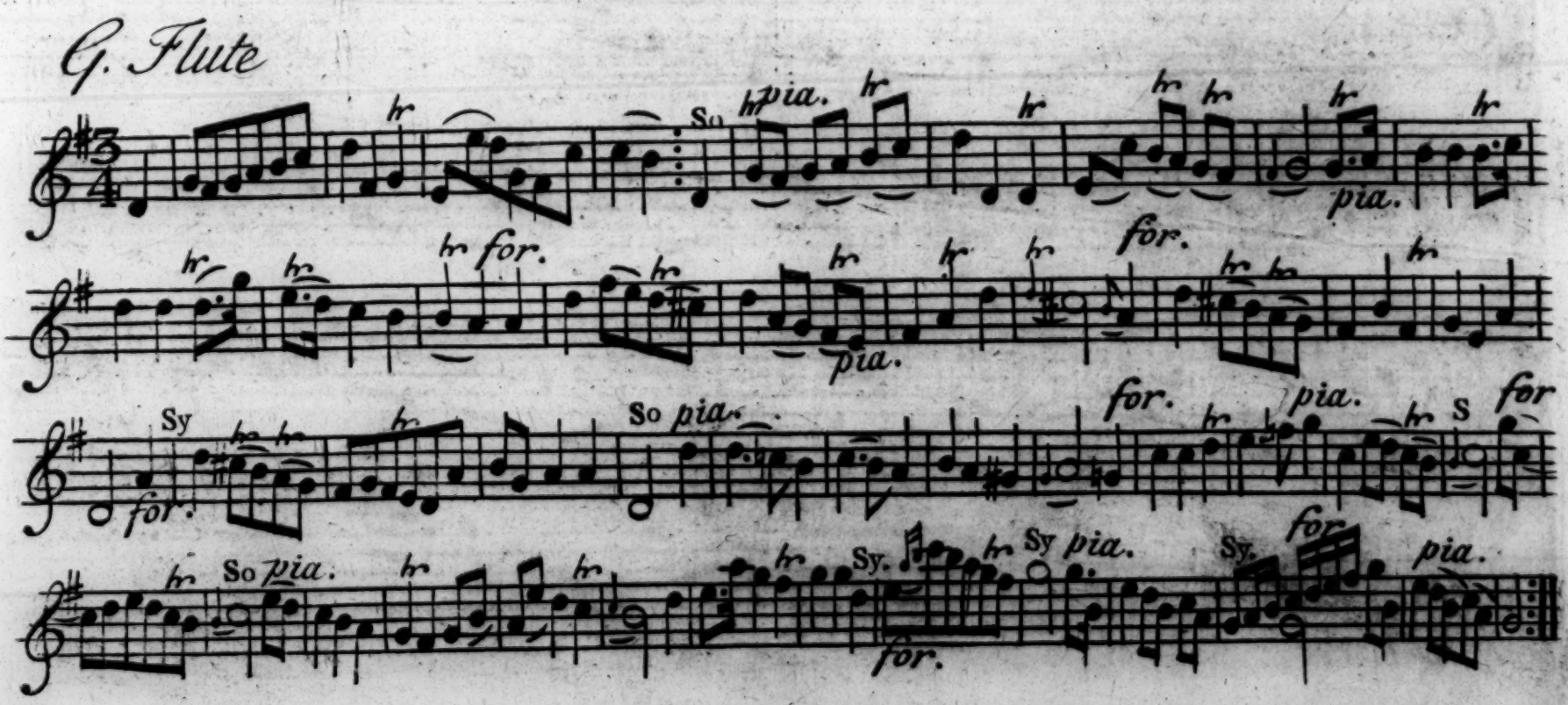
4

Cloaths,
When my ſtocks are all vended dreſſt out in fine,
I'll ſhine in the City amongſt the gay Beaux's
Where I ſhall ſee Jeſsy & tell her my Mind,
How I am quite wretched becauſe ſhe's unkind;
If ſhe ſhou'd deſpiſe me & ſtill at me frown
And ſlight me who once was a Swain of her own;
I from a high Mountain will daſh out my Brains
And ſo put an end to my ſorrow & Pains

5

I beg all ye Shepherds ſhou'd this be my Doom
With Lillies & Roſes ye'll dreſs out my Tomb,
And write ſome ſoft Motto, that ages may tell
That the cauſe of my Raſhneſs was loving too well;
But ſhou'd ſhe prove kinder each Swain I'll invite
So turn all my ſorrows to joy & delight;
In hopes former coolneſs att laſt will but prove,
As ſo many Motives to ſtrengthen our Love.

G. Flute



Fair Serena.

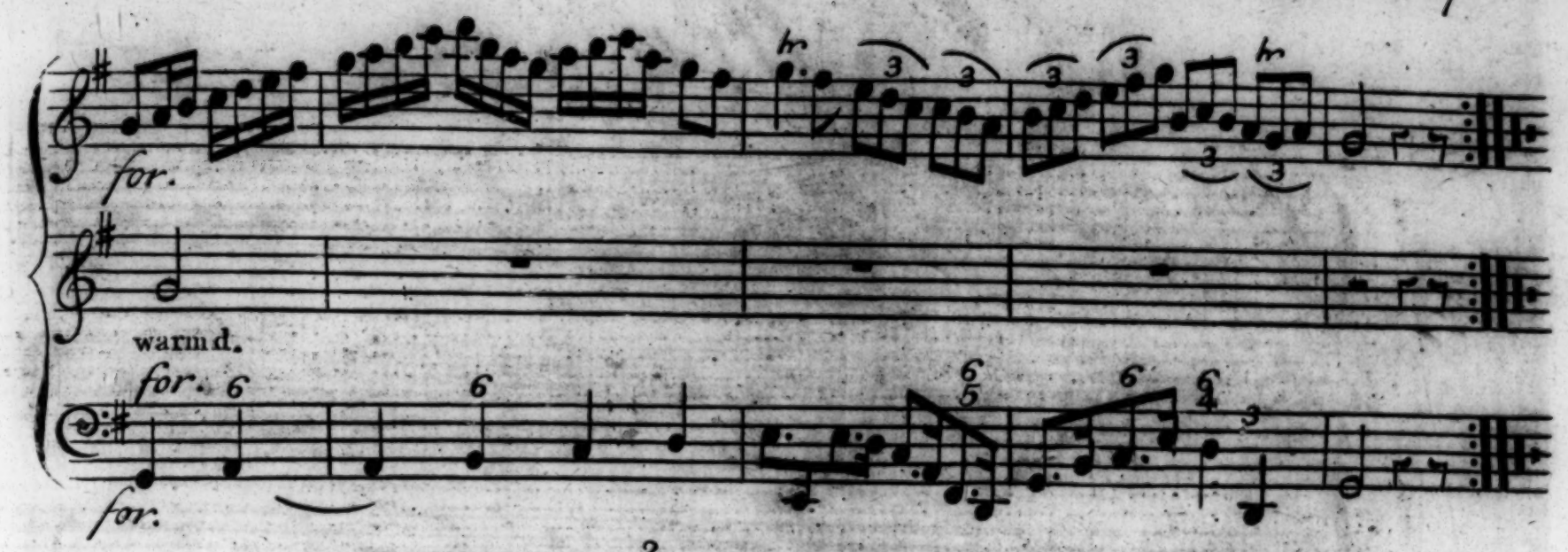
And.te Allegro

When fair SERENA firſt I knew, By Friendſhip's happy Union Charm'd

In- ceſſant joys a- round her flew, And

gentle ſmiles my Boſom warm'd, In- ceſſant joys a- round me flew, and

gentle ſmiles my Boſom warm'd and gen tle ſmiles my Boſom



2

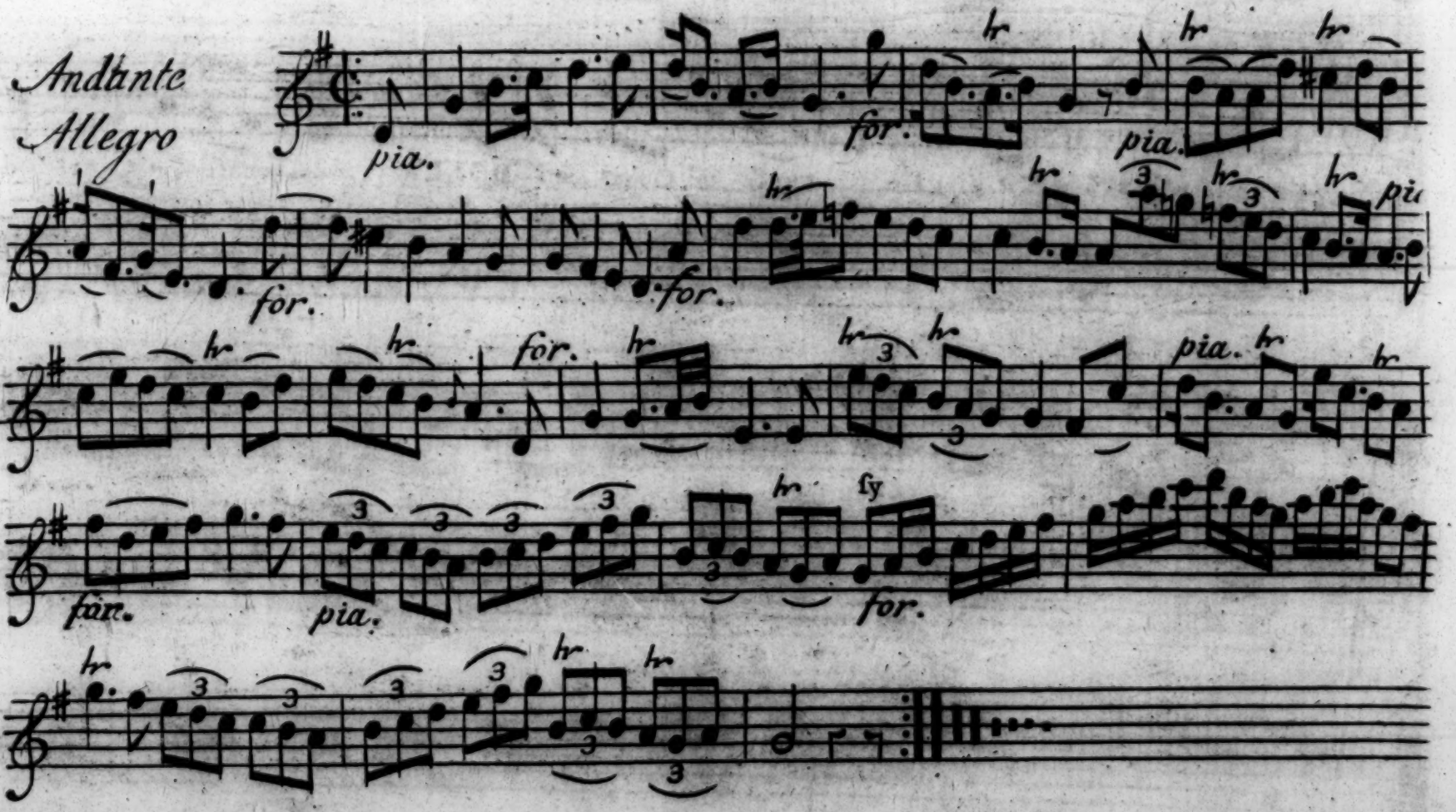
But when with fond Officious Care,
I preſs'd to breath my Am'rous Pain,
:S: Her Lips ſpoke nought but cold Deſpair,
Her Eyes ſhott Ice thro' ev'ry Vain :S:

3

Thus in Italia's lovely Vales,
The Sun, his genial Vigour Yields,
:S: Reviving heat each ſenſe Regales
And Plenty crowns the ſmiling Fields. :S:

4

When nearer we approach his Ray
High on the Alps ſtupendous Bow
:S: Surpriz'd we ſee pale Sun Beams play
On Everlaſting Hills of Snow. :S:



Collin's

Vivace

Young COLLIN 'tother Day at Wake did proffer Ribbons Gloves and Cake, to

MOLLY of the Valley. But ſhe deſpiſ'd the Artfull Swain: and

threw him back his Gifts again, be--cauſe he Court--ed DOLLY, be--cauſe he Court-ed

for

DOLLY.

2

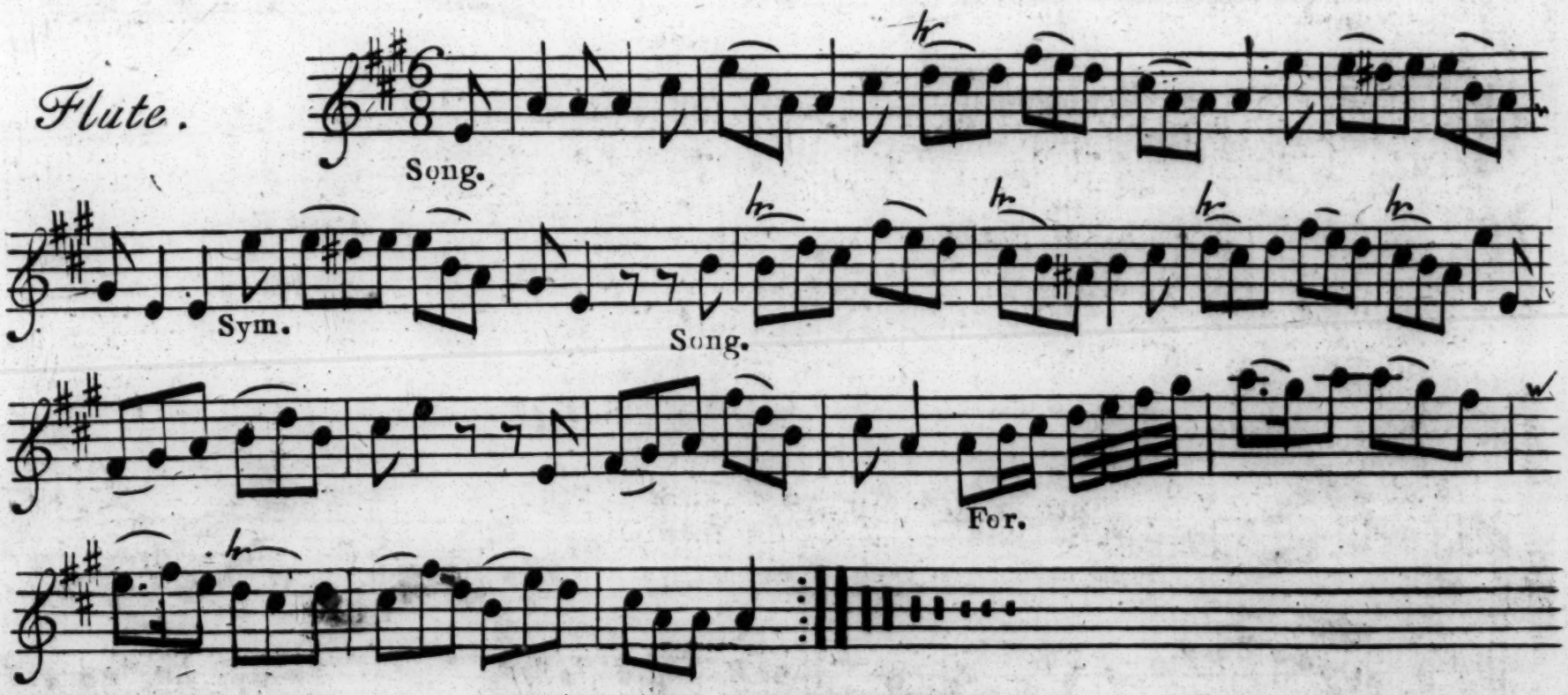
Full ſoon this Briſk young Lad was ſeen
Att Cudgell's on the Verdant Green,
His Feits were all but folly;
Beauſe the Artfull Loone before.
Had try'd in vain thrice O'er, and O'er
To Conquer modeſt DOLLY. to Conquer &c.

3

She told him all his Words were Wind,
And quite deſpiſ'd him in her Mind
He then grew Melancholly;
To find that both the Nymphs grew cool,
And he alas! had play'd the Fool;
In changing POLL, for DOLLY. in changing &c.

4

Thus fir'd with Anger att the two,
He ſwore to Nymph he'd ne'er prove true,
Nor live the ſhilly ſhally;
No more his Mind he'd e'er perplex
But quite deſpiſe the faithleſs Sex;
For ſake of MOLL and DOLLY. For ſake &c.



Jesey.

Vivace

Thou radiant Sun Triumphant rise And light my fair one from the Skies

Where in the Blissfull Seats a bove mv. rival'd Reigns the Queen of Love in

ri _ _ val'd Reigns the Queen of Love

2

Haste haste & wake the sleeping Maid
Benath the fragrant Hauthorn Shade
To Chear my Mind with Love oppresst
:S: Let her give joy or know no Rest :S:

3

Ye pow'rs Divine whose constant Care
Protcets the faithless wand ring Fair
Conduct me to those happy Plains
:S: Where gentle Love & Jesy Reigns :S:

4

Cou'd I the cruel Charmer find
Cou'd fond addresses melt the Mind
In gratefull strains my Voice I'd raise
:S: Such straines as suit my Jesy's Praise :S:

Flute

89

Love at first Sight.

Recit.

When I ſurvey thy matchleſs Face, ſure never raptur'd Lover cou'd in a

Nymph ſuch Beauties trace, as I in you diſcover.

Air

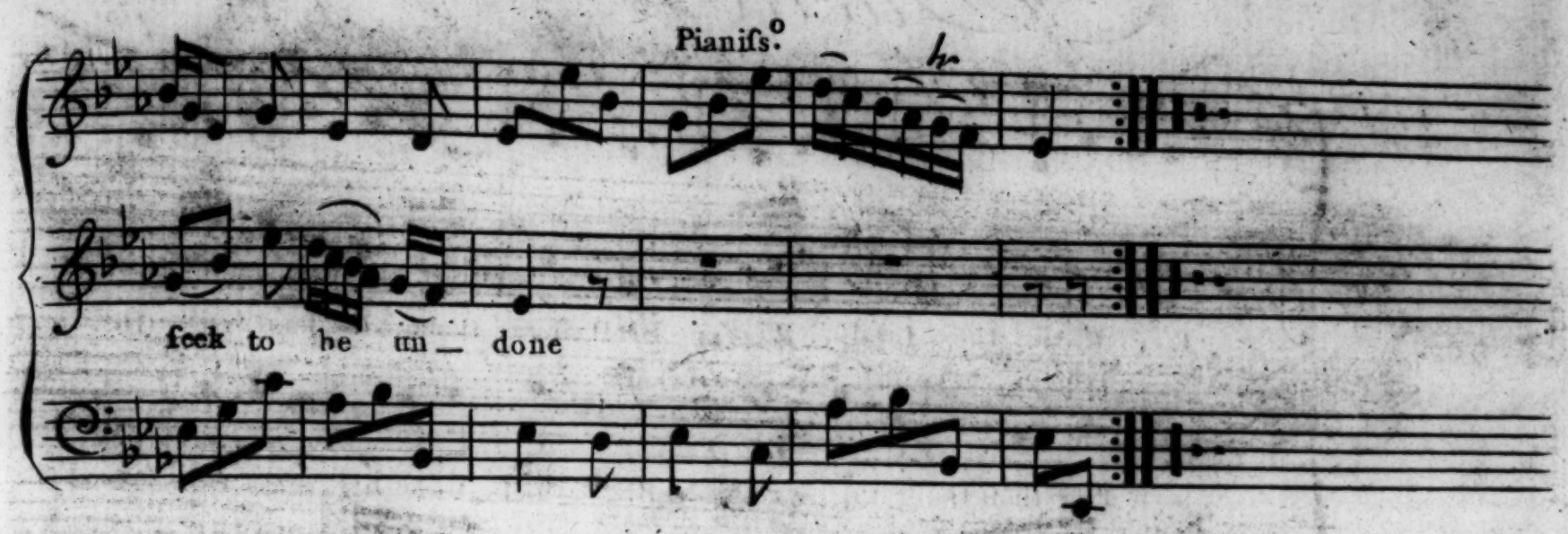
Slow

1st Viol.

When

at your Window you ap- pear bright as the ri- - ſing Sun,

Why gaze I ſimple Shepherd here, and ſeek to be un - done, and



2

O grant at leaſt my Charming Maid,
Your Pity for my Pain;
And if to Love you are affraid,
Fear alſo to diſdain. Fear alſo &c.

3

Take me my Deareſt to thy Breaſt,
And all my Pains deſtroy;
Reflect that I can never reſt,
While you Continue Coy. While you &c.

4

'Tis you alone that can precure.
A Medicine to remove;
The cruel Pains that I endure,
From unſucceſsfull Love. From unſucceſsful &c.

5

Know Beauteous Maid the faireſt Flowers,
By time and Years decay;
And tho' you ſlight your faithfull Wooers
To Worms you'll be a Prey. To Worms &c.

Duetto

2d Viol.

1st Viol. unis.

E'er then the fatal Wint'ry Blaſt, ſhall ſhake his hoa-ry Head,

E'er then the fatal Wint'ry Blaſt, ſhall ſhake his hoa-ry Head,

And all thoſe Graces die att laſt, too Love-ly far to

All thoſe Graces die att laſt, too Love-ly far to

fade, too Love-ly far to fade.

fade, too Love-ly far to fade.

Flute

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